

I trust," said the priest.

"The message?" "Oh, no. The paper in which you hold. But I never have taken hold, I resign all claim to the throne of never will take hold—of my native France, and which may give you the country, struggling as she is to throw price of a principality in this coun-

"I do not sign any such paper." "Not at all?"
"Not at all."

"You are determined to hold to your "I am determined not to part with

"Inducements large enough might appearance—a continuation of heredi-offered." He paused suggestively. tary rights!" my rights." be offered." He paused suggestively.
"The only man in France," I said, empowered to treat for abdication of the throne at present is Napoleon Bon parte. Did you bring a message

Abbe Edgeworth winced, laughed. "Napoleon Bonaparte will not last.

All Europe is against him. I see we have arrived at the message." He rose and handed me the paper he held in his hand. I rose and received it, and read it standing. It was one brief line:

"Louis: You are recalled. "Marie-Therese."

ooking out of it at the priest. "Well, Monseigneur?"

"It is like her heavenly goodness."

Take your kingdom."

"It should have to take it, madame,

"It should have to take it, madame, ly goodness in it?"

This is the message?" "It is a message I crossed the ocean

"With the consent of her uncle?" "Madame d'Angouleme never ex- for me, and turn it for the good of the presses a wish contrary to the wishes Bourbons? We may thus keep the

of his majesty." sieur, the opportunity to sign away "I w my rights, and failing that, the opportunity of taking them?"

run as far as this."

I saw distinctly the position of Louis XVIII. Marquis du Plessy had told me he was a mass of superstition. No But the sanction of heaven was not on loose on him like the dragon from a "What do you wish me pit. And Frenchmen, tfter yawning inner shadow and the shadow of age without saying why I decline."
combined against him. He had tasted "He must be made to change royalty. It was not as good as he had once thought. Beside him always, exclaimed. he saw the face of Marie Therese. She never forgot the hushed mystery of her brother. Her silence and obedijuggling and evasion, were more

powerful than resistance. A young man, brought suddenly before the jaded nation and proclaimed at an opportune moment, might be a The sore old king cessful toy. would oil more than the royalist cause, and the blessing of heaven would deon one who restored the veritable dauphin.

I never have seen the most stupid an doubt his power to ride if somebody hoists him into the saddle. "Let us go farther with our supposi-

I said. "Suppose I decline?" I heard Madame de Ferrier gasp. The priest raised his eyebrows. "In that case you will be quite will-

ing to give me a signed paper declar-ing your reasons." I sign no paper.

supposed rights nor will he exercise "This is virtually resigning them." "The abbe will pardon me for say-

ing it is not. My rights are mine, whether I use them or not." "Monseigneur understands that apportunity is a visitor that comes but once."
"I understand that the most extra-

dinary thing has happened today strength doesn't do such things!" hat will ever go unrecorded in history. One Bourbon offers to give away a irone he has lost and another Bouron refuses it.'

"You may well say it will go unrecorded in history. Excepting this lady"—the abbe bowed toward Eagle— 'there is no witness.'

"Wise precautions have been taken," agreed. "This scrap of paper may ean anything or nothing.'

"I think France is done with the Sourbons, monsieur the abbe. A fine ives, cooling their heels all over Europe, waiting for Napoleon's shoes! Till I go sneaking and trembling to kings is renewed in him! You could

and wrangle over a country that France in your exiled court! Burying and wrangle over a country that France in your exiled court! Burying I felt an instant's anxiety. Yet she wants none of us? No, I never will! in the American soil has developed had herself entirely at command. I see where my father slipped. I see "We have now arrived at the paper, where the eighteenth Louis slipped. I am a man tenacious beyond belief. worth quietly admitted. You cannot loose my gript when I take

> "You are an American!" said Abbe Edgeworth contemptuously. "If France called to me out of need, I would fight for her. A lifetime of peaceful years I would toss away in a minute to die in one achieving battle for her. But she neither calls me nor

needs me. A king is not simply an Your position is incredible," said

"I do not belittle the prospect you open before me. I see the practical difficulties, but I see well the magnificence beyond them." Then why do you hesitate?"

"I don't hesitate. A man is con-temptible who stands shivering and longing outside of what he dare not attempt. I would dare if I longed. But don'to long."

"Monseigneur believes there will be complications?" "I know my own obstinacy. A man who tried to work me with strings be-The blood must have rushed over hind a throne, would think he was my face. I had a submerged feeling, struck by lightning." "Sire," Madame de Ferrier spoke

> if I got it. My uncle of Provence has nothing to give me. He merely says-'My dear dauphin, if Europe knocks Napoleon down, will you kindly take hold of a crank which is too

royal machine in the family!" "We are then to suppose that Louis "You have given no adequate reason XVIII. offers me, through you, mon-for declining this offer," said the priest. "I will give no reason. I simply de-

"Is this the explanation that I shall "Supposing you are Monseigneur the make to Madame d'Angouleme? Think dauphin, we will let our supposition of the tender sister who says—'Louis, you are recalled!'

"I do think of her. God bless her!" "Must I tell her that Monseigneur cried. planted his feet like one of these wild doubt he had behaved, as Bellenger cattle, and wheeled, and fled from the said, for the good of the royalist cause. cortemplation of a throne?" "You will dress it up in your own

"What do you wish me to say?" "That I decline. I have not pressed eleven months or so in the king's the embarrassing question of why I august face, threw up their hats for was not recalled long ago. I reserve the dragon. In his second exile the to myself the privilege of declining

mind, monsieur!" Madame de Ferrier "I am not a man that changes his mind every time the clock strikes." I took the padlocked book out of nce to the crown, her loyalty to my breast and laid it upon the table. I looked at the priest, not at her. The padlocked book seemed to have no

more to do with the conversation than a hat or a pair of gloves. I saw, as one sees from the side of the eye, the scarlet rush of blood and the snow-white rush of pallor which covered her one after the other. The moment was too strenuous I could not spare her. She had to bear it with

She set her clenched hands on her

I faced her. The coldest look I ever saw in her gray eyes repelled me, as she deliberately said—

"You are not such a fool!" I stared back as coldly and sternly, and deliberately answered-"I am-just-such a fool!"

"Let me suggest that Monseigneur is "Consider how any person who not consistent. He neither resigns his might be to blame for your decision would despise you for it afterwards!" "A boy in the first flush of his youth," Abbe Edgeworth said, his fine aws squared with a grin, "might throw away a kingdom for some woman who took his fancy, and whom he could not have, perhaps, unless he did throw his kingdom away. after he had done it he would hate the But a young man in his

> king!" Madame de Ferrier mocked. I mercilessly faced her down. "What is there about me? Sum me I am robbed on every side by anyone who cares to fleece me. Whenever I am about to accomplish anything I fall down as if knocked or

She rose from her seat,

and fruits mechanically blended

with the finest spices in properly

balanced proportions.

"You let yourself be robbed because you are princely! You have plainly left behind you every weakness of your childhood. Look at him in his strength, Monsieur Abbe! He has sucked in the vigor of a new country: The failing power of an old line of

Eagle sat as erect as a statue and range myself among impotent kings not have nourished such a dauphin for "He is a handsome man," Abbe Edge-

"Oh, let his beauty alone! Look at his manhood-his kinghood!" "Of what use is his kinghood if he will not exercise it?"

"He must!" She turned upon me fiercely. "Have you no ambition?"
"Yes, madame. But there are several kinds of ambition, as there are

several kinds of success. You have to knock people down with each kind, if you want it acknowledged. As I told you awhile ago, I am ttenacious beyond belief, and shall succeed in what I undertake.'

What are you undertaking?" "I am not undertaking to mount a "I cannot believe it! Where is there a man who would turn from what is offered you? Consider the life before you in this country. Compare it with the life you are throwing away." She joined her hands. "Sire, the men of my house who fought for the kings of yours, plead through me that you will

take your inheritance." I kept my eyes on Abbe Edgeworth. He considered the padlocked book as an object directly in his line of vision. Its wooden covers and small metal padlock attracted the secondary attention we bestow on trifles when we are at great issues.

I answered her, "The men of your house—and the women of your house, .nadame—cannot dictate what kings of my house should do in this day.' "Well as you appear to know him, madame," said Abbe Edgeworth, "and

loyally as you urge him, your efforts are wasted." She next accused me-"You hesitate on account of the In-"If there were no Indians in America

I should do just as I am doing."
"All men," the abbe noted, "hold in contempt a man who will not grasp power when he can." "Why should I grasp power? I have it in myself. I am using it." "Using it to ruin yourself!" she

"Monseigneur!" The abbe roce. We stood eye to eye. "I was at the side of the king your father upon the scaffold. My hand held to his lips the crucifix of our Lord Jesus Christ. In his death no word of bitterness escaped him. True son of St. Louis, he supremely loved France. Upon you he laid injunction to leave to God alone the punishment of regicides, and to devote your life to the welfare of all Frenchmen. Monseigneur! are you deaf to this call of sacred duty? The voice of your father from the scaffold, in this hour when the fortunes of your house are lowest, bids you take your rightful place and rid your people of the usurper who grinds France and Europe into the stained earth!"

wheeled and walked across the floor from Abbe Edgeworth, and turned again and faced him.

'Monsieur, you have put a dart through me. If anything in the universe could move me from my position, what you have said would do it. But my father's blood cries through me today-'Shall the son of Louis XVI. be forced down the unwilling throats of his countrymen by foreign bayonets?-Russians-Germans - English!-Shall the dauphin of France be hoisted to place by the alien?'-My father would forbid it! . . . appeal to my family love. about with me everywhere the pictured faces of my family. The father

whose name you invoke, is always close to my heart. That royal duchess, whom you are privileged to see daily, mensieur, and I-never-is so dear and sacred to me that I think of her with a prayer. . . But my life is here. . . . Monsieur, in this new world, no man can say to me-'Come,' 'Go.' I am as free as the Indian. But the pretender to the throne of France, the puppet of Russia, of England, of the enemies of my country-

a slave to policy and intrigue-a chained wanderer about Europe-O my God! to be such a pretender-gasping "A king who hasn't spirit to be a for air-for light-as I gasped in Ste. Pelagie!-O let me be a free man-a free man!'

The old churchman whispered over and over-"My royal son!" My arms dropped relaxed.

There was another reason. I did not give it. I would not give it. We heard the spring wind following the river channel-and a far faint call that I knew so well-the triangular wild flock in the upper air, flying

"Honk! honk!" It was the jubilant cry of freedom! . "Madame," said Abbe Edgeworth, resting his head on his hands, "I have seen many stubborn Bourbons, but he is the most obstinate of them all. We do not make as much impression on him as that little padlocked book."

Her terrified eyes darted at himand hid their panic.
"Monsieur Abbe," she exclaimed piercingly, "tell him no woman will love him for throwing away a king-

"You will not resign your rights?"

"You will not exercise them?" "If I postpone my departure from today until tomorrow, or next week, or next month, is there any possibility

of your reconsidering this decision? "Monseigneur, must I leave you with this answer?"

"Your staying cannot alter it, Mon-"You understand this ends all overtures from France?"

"I understand."
"Is there nothing that you would "I would ask Madame d'Angouleme He came forward like a courtier,

litted my hand to his lips, and kissed "With your permission, Monseigneur, I will now retire and ride slowly back along the river until you overtake me.

I should like to have some time for solitary thought." "You have my permission, Mon-sieur Abbe." He bowed to Madame de Ferrier and

so moving to the door, he bowed again to me, and took his leave.

His horse's impatient start, and his remonstrance as he mounted, came plainly to our ears. The regular beat of hoofs upon the sward followed; then an alternating ep-tap of horse's feet diminished down the trail.

Eagle and I avoided looking at each

A bird inquired through the door with inquisitive chirp, and was away. Volcanoes and whirlwinds, fire, and all force, held themselves condensed and quiescent in the still room. I moved first, laying Marie Therese's message on the padlocked book. Stand-

ing with folded arms, I faced Eagle, and she as stonily faced me. It was a stare of unspeakable love that counts a thousand years as a day. She shuddered from head to foot. Thus a soul might ripple in passing frem its body.

"I am not worth a kingdom!" her voice wailed through the room. I opened my arms and took her. Volcanoes and whirlwinds, fire, and all force, were under our feet. We trod them breast to breast. She held my head between her

hands. The tears streamed down her "Louis!-you are a king-you are a

The End. DID YOU SWEAR OFF?

Eating Rich Dinners or Did You Decide to

Use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. Did you swear off? Did the dark brown taste in your mouth, the feeling of utter discomfort, the weariness that knows no rest, the heavy headache and that sickening at the sight of food tempt you to forswear New Year's dinners and New Year's celebrations

If you did no one needs to be told you have not used Dodd's Dyspepsia

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are made just for such cases as yours. They are made to help the overworked stomach. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets digest the food almost without assistance from the stomach, and as a consequence the stomach gets that rest it needs. You can rest assured that if there were no overworked stomachs, there would be no Indigestion nor Dyspepsia Give the stomach a rest. Use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets and the pains and aches will depart, the "blues" will go with them, and you will start the New Year feeling as if life was worth living and you could

Tablets taken after each meal is an insurance policy against discomfort.

prove it.

Character and the Razor. According to a Pullman car conductor the average man who travels for three, four or five days on a train prefers to go unshaven rather than shave Kimself while en route.

"I've been traveling for five years," he said. "between Chicago and 'Frisco and I calculate that about one man in ten shaves on the trip. I always like to carry men who shave every morning. I find that kind of man wants the best and is willing to pay for it. Besides, he's the best tem pered kind of man.

"A man who can't control his temper never shaves on the cars, not more than once. He isn't a drinking man, either, for it requires a steady hand to shave on the cars, and be all there at the finish.

"And you can tell a beginner first glance. The regulars always ask questions about the road ahead and if they're near a station. If there's a station a few miles away they'll wait, unless the road is straight or there is a crowded car. "It is not an easy job to shave when

you strike a curve every fifteen seconds, but the regulars, they just stand with their feet apart and one side braced against the wash-stand. They don't cut themselves, either, and I scarcely see any of them use a safety -just the old-fashioned razor, same as I use myself.

"I notice that the man who shaves himself knows his way about and takes things just as they come. He doesn't get excited when there is no cause. He eats regularly and he sleeps the same and he doesn't want to go to bed too early or get up too late. He's rea-

"If he's married he talks to his wife and if he is not married he does not go flirtin' with strange women. doesn't kick at canned goods, for he knows he can't get any other kind, and the waiters like to wait on him, for he does not think he's the only passenger on the train or try to make himself think the waiters are stuck on living on their wages and have a dislike to tips.

"He's all right, is the man shaves himself. He never kicks at the scenery. I always look out for his baggage and he always loks out for me. I wish every man shaved himself on the cars, I do."



Does it not seem more effective to breathe in a remedy, to cure disease of the breathing organs, then to take the



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It cures because the air randered strongly antiseptic is carried over the diseased surface with every breath, giving prolonged and constant treatment. It is invaluable to mothers with small children,

Is a boon to asthmatics.

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DO YOU HAVE HEADACHES, LIGHT FEVER? -These are caused by a general state of the organism, which is defective, and which Prof. Collins can cure in a short time.

HAVE YOU ANY AFFECTION WHATEVER OF THE LUNGS, BRONCHIAL TUBES, THROAT OR CHEST? -Prof. Collins has made a special study of these diseases, and it is by the thousands that he counts the patients whom he has cured of these diseases.

HAVE YOU PAINS IN THE STOMACH! CRAMPS! DIFFICULT DIGESTION! WANT OF APPETITE! UNEASINESS! PAINS AFTER MEALS! NAUSEA!

-Prof. Collins does not content himself with effecting a cure, but by suitable treatment he absolutely prevents a return of the disease.

IN WHAT STATE IS YOUR HEART? HAVE YOU PAL-PITATION? DOES YOUR HEART BEAT FASTER UNDER THE LEAST EMOTION? -Do not lose any time, but write to-day to Prof. Collins, because heart diseases are extremely dangerous, and many sudden deaths are directly due to neglected heart affection. HAVE YOU RHEUMATISM? HAVE YOU PAINS IN

THE SHOULDERS? IN THE ARMS? IN THE LEGS! -A prompt remedy is necessary. That of Prof. Collins has cured and is curing every day multitudes of sick

HAVE YOU TROUBLE IN YOUR INTESTINES? CONSTIPATION? DIARRHOEA? COLICS? -It is important to remedy this condition of affairs at once, as it is dangerous and undermines the health.

HAVE YOU KIDNEY DISEASE? -Prof. Collins cures this treacherous disease by a simple ARE YOU DEAF?

Piles.

-In the New York Medical Institute he has made a spocialty of restoring hearing to the deaf.

-It is a complaint you must get rid of as soon as possible.

Prof. Collins' patients can testify as to efficacy of his rem-

HAVE YOU ANY VENEREAL DISEASES? There is nothing more dangerous or more terrible. Prof. Collins has acquired, by means of a successful treat-

ment of these sad affections, an experience by which a great number of people thus afflicted have benefited.
HAVE YOU SORE LYES? SPECKS? FATIGUE? WEAK-

NESS?
-Prof. Collins has, within the last couple of weeks, obtained unheard of results.

ARE YOU RUPTURED?

Instead of undergoing an operation, and thus put your life in peril, write to Prof. Collins, who can cure you without an operation.
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-The diseases peculiar to women, change of life, etc., are

cured in a short time by Prof. Collins. ARE YOUR CHILDREN SICK? -It requires a special competence to treat them. Prof. Collins has won the gratitude of mothers by the manner in which he cures convulsions, colds, whooping cough and all the ailments to which children are subject.

HAVE YOU SKIN DISEASE? PIMPLES? BLOTCHES? EXCRESGENCES?

-Thanks to his cleansing of the blood, Prof. Collins will

rid you of them.

HAVE YOU TUMOURS, INTERNALLY OR EXTER--Prof. Collins cures them without an operation. HAVE YOU SORES, A CANCER?

-By a very simple treatment he will cure you without

Why then suffer any longer? You have at your disposal the means by which you can be cured.

and you will be delighted with the result.

Therefore use this manner of consultation by correspondence without delay-LIKE THOUSANDS OF OTHERS ARE DOING-

Children's Diseases.



Quebec, September 6th.

Mr. Professor, My children are cured! How they have suffered, the dear little things! There they were, four of them, a pitiful sight, thin, pale, frail, scarcely eating anything; in a word, without life. You have randered them vigorous. I see them growing taller and broader each day. Many many thanks. MRS. SAULTY.

Chronic Catarrh Dis appears in Three



For more than ten years I was af-flicted with catarrh, which caused my many sleepless nights and fatigue dur-ing the day. In three days your reme-dies and advice rid me of that which had tormented me for so long. I can-



A fortnight ago, I thought I would

die, because the least little excitement

would completely upset me, and any

more serious shock at the time would

have killed me. . . . To-day I feel no

more palpitations, and my heart seems

PIERRE LANOU.

to be in its normal condition.

Mr. Professor,

Mr. Doctor My stomach seems to be completely restored to its normal condition. Here am, cured, before I had hoped to be. I digest all kinds of foods without any trouble; my meals do not fatigue me as they did formerly.

not express my gratitude to you. A thousand thanks. STANISLAS LOYSON. Sudden Cure Rhoumatism.

Cleveland, Ohio, Sept. 17. Mr. Doctor, It did not take long to convince me of the efficacy of your treatment. From the second day I began to feel a little better, and now I have completely recovered the use of my limbs. Yours very gratefully,

ADOLPHE MICHAUX.

Do You Wish to be Cured?

To-day, without losing any time, write a very simple letter in which make known the nature and history of your disease, By return mail you know the treatment that you will have to follow.

It is unnecessary to incommode yourself by undertaking a long trip to consult Prof. Collins BY CORRESPONDENCE, "you tell him of your disease from which you suffer and he replies."

There is no other system which is so much within the reach of everybody. Who, in these days cannot write? And please note that it is not necessary to write in any choice words, or in complicated terms. The style and the writing matters not; it is only the explanation of the disease which will be noticed by Professor Collins.

Write your name and address very legibly

CHRISTIAN NAME..... PLACE OF RESIDENCE.....

Here is the Address:

PROFESSOR COLLINS,

President of the New York Medical

140 West 34th Street, New York

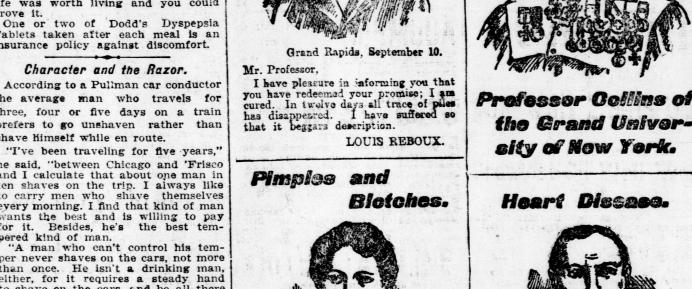


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Mr. Professor Here I am with a presentable appearance once more. My face was so covered with pimples that I was ashamed to be In eight days your good and pow-

erful remedies delivered me from all those miseries. Thanks, thanks. SOPHIE MATON.



Your remedies have done me much good; the noises in my ears have ceased, the running is stopped; and what is better still, I have begun to hear again.

As it is only eight days since I began to take your treatment, I expect to be

Misbee, Ariz., Sept. 9.

Mr. Professor,



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